A New SONG.

WHen as Queen *Robin* rul'd this Land,
Both Knave and Queen was he;
The ſureſt Card in *Perkin*'s Hand,
And laſt Trick of *Lewi's*.

Nine Groats of theſe ſame Two were won,
E're *Robin* came in play;
All Nine upon the Hedge he hung,
And trick'd the Game away.

But Laws, and Sayings dark, apart,
I of this Knave do mean,
Some Notices for to impart,
And ſo *God ſave the Queen.*

A ſow'r *Phanatic* was he bred,
And rais'd a Pſalm full high;
(As he begun, O may he end
With that ſame Melody!)

But hence, as Inſects take to wing
All in the Month of *June*;
Within the Moon of *Midſummer*
This Sect'ry chang'd his Tune.

Incontinent, to Mother Church
He made his next advance;
And, as the neareſt way to *Rome*,
He took the Road of *France*.

An Head he had, as Round as Long,
Nor was the World more full;
(O, as That is, ſo may it be
Faſt fix'd upon a Pole!

All Sciences were crowded there,
Opinions Old and New;
Religions of all ſorts at Jar,
The Falſe, and eke the True.

But Quirks and Tricks, high Politics,
O, there in chief did Reign;
Where, without Credit, Funds he rais'd,
Aud Credit without Coin.

Of War and Peace, of Wealth and Trade,
His Schemes were always New;
And muſt ſucceed, as at *Quebec*,
At Home, and in *Peru*.

So Great in Metaphyſics he,
And Numbers ſo profound,
That C—rch and St—te he could, at will
Divide, and eke compound.

A Conjurer he was alſo,
And with his Wand ſo ſmall,
He *L—d—n* join'd to *Ed—nbr—gh*,
And both unto *V—rſ—lles*.

The *Dæmon* of our Publick Debts,
That haunted us full ſore;
He conjur'd, far beyond the *Red*,
Unto the *South-Sea* Shore.

At one ſtrong Charm of his, it flew,
Like Leaves before the Wind;
O, never to return again,
A Reck'ning place to find.

Three Hundred Men he kept in Pay,
Two Legs apiece they had;
All Paſſive at Command were they,
No Spaniels better bred.

He taught 'em to leap o'er his Wand
For King, and eke for Queen;
They over came at his Command,
And then about again.

P—rs by the Dozen he could pack
Againſt our antient Rights;
And, with our Laws, found out the Knack
To eaſe us of our Wits.

But, ſoon or late, with thoſe retriev'd,
(For more need not be ſaid)
Queen *Robin* will much higher be,
Or ſhorter by the Head.